

The Spirit of Democracy.

"PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES, AND MEN THAT WILL CARRY THOSE PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES INTO EFFECT."

BY JAMES R. MORRIS.

WOODSFIELD, OHIO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1844.

VOLUME I. NUMBER 87.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY

IT PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

BY J. R. MORRIS.

TERMS:—\$1.00 per annum in advance; \$2.00 if paid within six months; \$2.50 if paid within the year, and \$3.00 if payment be delayed until after the expiration of the year.
(3) No paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the editor, until all arrears are paid.
(3) All communications sent by mail must be post-paid.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rate.

NIGHT, OH, THE NIGHT FOR ME!

BY J. S. DU SOLLE.

I love not the care-footed hours
Of day, though they beautiful be;
For night with its dew-drinking flowers,
Is lovelier far to me.

The earth is then hushed in its gladness,
And mirth, like a wild bird, goes free;
It hath no room in it for sadness—
So night, oh, the night for me!

The sunlight hath too much of brightness;
Its shadows too deeply are thrown;
Dampening the heart's timid lightness,
And dimming its musical tone.

The day is for toil and for treason,
For wickedness wide as the sea;
But night is love's own gifted season,
So night, oh, the night for me!

From "Hood's Magazine."

THE GAMBLER'S LAST STAKE.

A SCENE IN MADRID.

In an inner room his counting-house, which occupied a whig of his splendid mansion in the Calle Alcalá, sat Don Jose Solano, one of the richest bankers in Madrid, ruminating with much self complacency upon the profitable results of a recent speculation. He was interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of one of his clerks ushering in a stranger, who brought a letter of introduction from a banker at Mexico, with whom Don Jose had had occasional transactions. The letter stated that the bearer, the Count de Valleja, was of a highly respected family of Mexican nobility, that he was desirous of visiting Europe, and more especially the country of his ancestors, Spain; and it then went on to recommend him in the strongest terms to the Madrid banker, as one whose intimacy and friendship could not fail to be sought after by all who became acquainted with his many excellent and agreeable qualities.

The appearance of the count seemed to justify, as far as appearance can do, the high terms in which he was spoken of in his letter. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age, dark complexioned, with a high, clear forehead, short, crisp, curling hair, an intelligent and regular countenance, and a smile of singular beauty and fascination. His eyes were the only feature which could be pronounced otherwise than extremely pleasing; although large, black, and lustrous, they had a certain fixity and hardness of expression that produced an unpleasant impression upon the beholder, and would, perhaps, have been more disagreeable, had not the mellow tones of the count's voice, and his suavity and polish of manner, served in a great measure to counteract the effect of this peculiarity.

Doing due honor to the strong recommendation of his esteemed correspondent, Don Jose welcomed the young Count with the utmost hospitality; insisted on taking possession of him for the whole of the day, and, without allowing him to return to his hotel, dragged him into the house, presented him to his son and daughter, and charged them to use their utmost exertions to entertain their guest, while he himself returned to his occupations till dinner-time. At one o'clock the old banker resplended in the sala, where he found Rafael and Mariquita Solano listening with avidity to the agreeable conversation of the count, who, in his rich and characteristic Mexican Spanish, was giving them the most interesting details concerning the country he had recently left. The magnificence of the Mexican scenery, the peculiarities of the Indian races, the gorgeous vegetation and strange animals of the tropics, formed the subjects of his discourse, not a little interesting to a young man of three-and-twenty, and a girl of eighteen, who had never as yet been fifty leagues away from Madrid. Nor had the stranger's conversation less charms for the old banker. Valleja had been at the Havana; was acquainted with scenes, if not with persons, with which were associated some of Don Jose's most agreeable reminiscences; scenes that he had visited in the days of his youth, when he laid the foundation of his princely fortune. To be brief: the agreeable manner and conversation of the count so won upon father, son, and daughter, that when at nightfall he rose to take his leave, the banker put his house *a su disposition*, and followed up what was usually a mere verbal compliment, by insisting upon Valleja's taking up his abode with him during his stay in Madrid. Valleja raised many difficulties on the score of the inconvenience or trouble he might occasion; but they were all overruled, and the contest of politeness terminated in the count's accepting the hospitality thus cordially pressed upon him. The very next day he was installed in a splendid apartment in the house of Don Jose.

Several days, even weeks elapsed, during which Valleja continued to be the inmate of the Casa Solano. He appeared very well pleased with his quarters, and on the other hand, his hosts found no reason to regret the hospitality shown him. He soon became the spoiled child of the family; Don Jose could not make a meal without Valleja was there to chat with him about the Havana. Rafael was the inseparable companion of his walks, rides, and out door diversions; while the blooming Mariquita never seemed so happy as when the handsome Mexican was seated beside her embroidery frame conversing with her in his low soft tones, or singing, to the accompaniment of her guitar,

some of wild melodies of his native country. Indeed, so marked were the count's attention to the young girl, and so favorably did she receive them, that more than one officious or well-meaning friend hinted to Don Jose the propriety of instituting some inquiry into the circumstances and antecedents of a man, who it seemed not improbable might eventually aspire to become his son-in-law. But the banker's prepossession in favor of Valleja was so strong that he gave little heed to these hints, contenting himself with writing to his correspondent at Mexico, expressing the pleasure he had had in making the count's acquaintance, and receiving him as an inmate to his house; but without asking for any information concerning him. In fact the letter Valleja had brought was such as to render any further inquiry nearly superfluous. It mentioned the count as of a noble and respected family, and credited him to the amount of ten thousand dollars, a sum of sufficient importance to make it presumable that his means were ample.

Before Valleja had been three days at Madrid he had obtained his *entree* to a house at which a number of idlers and fashionables were in the habit of meeting to play *monte*, the game of all others most fascinating to Spaniards. Thither he used to repair each afternoon accompanied by Rafael Solano, and there he soon made himself remarked by his judgment in play, and by the cool indifference with which he lost and won very considerable sums. For some time he was exceedingly successful. Every stake he put down doubled itself; he seemed to play with charmed money; and the bankers trembled when they saw him approach the table, and after a glance at the state of the game, place a pile of golden ounces on a card, which almost invariably won the very next moment. This lasted several days, and he began to be considered invincible, when suddenly his good fortune departed him, and he lost as fast, or faster, than he had previously won; so that after a fortnight of incessant bad luck, it was estimated by certain old gamblers who had taken an interest in watching his proceedings, that he had lost not only all his winnings, but a very considerable sum in addition. Rafael, who rarely played, and then only for small stakes, urged his friend to discontinue a game which he found so losing; but Valleja laughed at his remonstrances, and treated his losses as trifling ones, which a single day's good fortune might retrieve. Gambling is scarcely looked upon as a vice in Spain, and young Solano saw nothing unusual or blameable in the count's indulging in his afternoon *juego*, or his losing his money if it so pleased him, and if he thought an hour or two's excitement worth the large sums which it usually cost him. Indeed, the circumstance of their visits to the gaming room appeared to him so unimportant, that it never occurred to him to mention it to his father or sister; and they, on their part, never dreamed of enquiring in what way the young man passed the few hours of the day during which they absented themselves from their society.

The monte-table which Valleja was in the habit of frequenting was situated on the third floor of a house in a narrow street leading out of the Calle Alcalá, within two or three hundred yards of the Casa Solano. Amongst the persons to be met there were many of the richest and highest in Madrid; generals and ministers, counts and marquises, and even grandees of Spain were in the habit of repairing thither to while away the long winter evenings, or the sultriness of the summer days; and the play was proportionate to the high rank and great opulence of most of the players. The bank was held, as is customary in Spain, by the person who offered to put in the largest sum, the keeper of the room being remunerated by a certain tax upon the cards; a tax which, in this instance, was a heavy one, in order to compensate for the luxury displayed in the decoration and arrangements of the establishment. The three rooms were fitted up in the most costly manner; the walls lined with magnificent pier glasses; the floor covered in winter with rich carpets and in summer with the finest Indian matting; the furniture was of the newest French fashion. Splendid chandeliers hung from the ceiling; musical clocks stood upon the side tables; the ball balconies were filled with the rarest exotics and flowering plants. Two of the rooms were devoted to play; in the third, ices and refreshments awaited the parched throats of the feverish gamblers.

On a scorching June afternoon, about a month after Valleja arrived at Madrid, the Mexican and Rafael left Don Jose's dwelling, and bent their steps in the usual direction. While ascending the well-worn stairs of the gaming-house, young Solano could not forbear addressing a remonstrance to his friend on the subject of his losses. Although the count's perfect command over himself and his countenance, made it very difficult for so young and inexperienced a man as Rafael to judge of what was passing in his mind, tholater, nevertheless, fancied that for three or four days past there had been a change in his demeanor denoting uneasiness and anxiety. It was not that he was duller or more silent; on the contrary, his conversation was, perhaps, more brilliant and varied, his laugh louder and more frequent, than usual, but there was holowness in the laugh, and a more strained tone in the conversation, as if he were compelling himself to be gay in order to drive away painful thoughts—intoxicating himself with many words and forced merriment. Rafael attributed this to the annoyance caused by his heavy losses, and now urged him to discontinue his visits to the monte-table, at least for a time, or until his luck became better. The count met the suggestion with a smile.

"My dear Rafael," cried he gaily, "you surely do not suppose that the loss of a few hundred miserable ounces would be sufficient to annoy me for a moment. As to abandoning play, we should be puzzled to pass the idle hour or two following the siesta. Besides that, it amuses me. But do not make yourself uneasy. I shall do myself no harm; and, moreover, I intend this very day to win back all my losses. I feel in the vein."

"I heartily hope you may do as you intend," said Rafael, laughing, quite reassured by his friend's careless manner; and, as he uttered the words, the

count pushed open the door, and they entered the monte-room.

The game was already in full activity, and the play very high; the table strewn with the showy Spanish cards, on which, instead of the spades and diamonds familiar to most European cardplayers, suns and vases, sabres and horses were depicted in various and brilliant colors. An officer of the royal guard, and a dry, snuffy old marquis, held the bank, which had been very successful. Large piles of ounces and of four and eight dollar pieces were on the green cloth before them, as well as a roll of paper nearly treble the value of the specie. Twenty and thirty players were congregated round the table, while a few unfortunates, whose pockets had already been emptied, were solacing themselves with their cigars, and occasionally indulging in snout or impatient stamp of the foot when they saw a card come up which they would certainly have backed—had they had money so to do. Two or three idlers were sitting on the low sills of the long French windows, reading newspapers and enjoying the fragrance of the flowers—protected from the reflected glare of the opposite houses, on which the sun was darting its rays, by awnings of striped linen that fell from above the windows, and hung over the outside of the small semi-circular balconies.

After standing for a few minutes at the table, and staking a doubloon, which he instantly lost, Rafael Solano took up a paper and threw himself into an arm chair, while Valleja remained watching with keen attention the various fluctuations of the card. For some time he did not join the game, rather to the astonishment of the other players, who were accustomed to see him stake his money, as soon as he entered the room, with an unhesitating boldness and confidence. Half an hour passed in this manner, and the presence of Valleja was beginning to be forgotten, when he suddenly threw a heavy rouleau of gold from his pocket and placed it upon a card. The game went on; Valleja lost, and with his usual sang froid saw his stake thrown into the bank. Another followed, and a third, and a fourth. In four coups he had lost three thousand dollars. Still not a sign of excitement or discomposure appeared upon the handsome countenance of the Mexican; only an officer who was standing by him observed, that a pack of the thin Spanish card, which he had been holding in his hands, fell to the ground, torn completely in half by one violent wrench.

The four high stakes so boldly played and so rapidly lost, riveted the observation of the gamblers upon Valleja's proceedings. Every body crowded round the table, and even the slight buzz of conversation that had before been heard, totally ceased. His attention attracted by his sudden stillness, Rafael rose from his chair and joined his friend. A glance at the increased wealth of the bank, and the eagerness with which all seemed to be awaiting Valleja's movements, made him conjecture what had occurred.

"You have lost," said he to the count, "and heavily. I fear. Come, that will do for to-day. Let us go."

"Psha!" replied the Mexican, "a mere trifle, which you shall see me win back." And then turning to the banker, who was just commencing a deal,

"Copo," said he, "the king against the ace."

For the uninitiated in the mysteries of monte, it may be necessary to state, that by uttering these words Valleja bound himself, if an ace came up before a king, to pay an equal amount to that in the bank, as well as all the winnings of those who had backed the ace. If, on the other hand, the king won, the whole capital of the bank was his, as well as the stakes of those who bet against him. There was a general murmur of astonishment. The bank was the largest that had been seen in that room since a certain memorable night, when Ferdinand himself, being out upon one of his nocturnal frolics in which he so much delighted, had come up in disguise with an officer of his household, and had lost a sum that had greatly advantaged the bankers, and sorely diminished the contents of his Catholic Majesty's privy purse. There were at least thirty thousand dollars on the table in gold and paper; and besides that, scarcely had the Mexican uttered the name of the card he favored, when, on the strength of his ill luck, some of the players put down nearly as much more against it. The two bankers looked at each other; the guard-man shrugged his shoulders and elevated his eyebrows. Both movements were so slight as to be scarcely perceptible; but they were, nevertheless, excellently well observed and understood by his partner, the high-dried old Marquis, sitting opposite to him, who laid the pack of cards upon the table, their face to the cloth, and after placing a piece of money on them to prevent their being disturbed by any chance puff of wind, opened his gold box, and took a prodigious pinch of snuff. Having done this with much deliberation, he let his hands fall upon his knees, and lent back to his chair with a countenance expressive of inexhaustible patience. The players waited for nearly a minute, but then began to grow impatient of delay. At the first question put to the Marquis, as to its motive, he waived his hand towards Valleja.

"I am waiting for the Senor Conde," said he.

"For me?" replied Valleja. "It is unnecessary."

"There were about twenty thousand dollars in the bank," said the Marquis, leaning forward, and affecting to count the rouleaus lying before him, and some eight thousand staked by these gentlemen. Will your Senoria be pleased to place a similar sum upon the table?"

Several of the gamblers exchanged significant glances and half smiles. The rule of the game required the player who endeavored, as Valleja was doing, to annihilate the bank at one fell swoop, to produce a sum equal to that which he had a chance of carrying off. At the same time, in societies like this one, where the players were all more or less, known to each other,—all men of rank, name and fortune,—it was not usual to play this sort of decisive coup upon parole, and if lost, the money was invariably forthcoming the same day.

Valleja smiled bitterly.

"I thought I had been sufficiently known here," said he, "to be admitted to the same privilege as other players. Rafael," he added, turning to his friend and handing him a key, "your father's ten thousand have melted, but I have a packet of notes and considerable securities to considerably more than the needful amount, in the brass bound box in my apartment; will you have the kindness to fetch them for me? I do not wish to interrupt my observations of the game."

"With pleasure," replied Rafael, taking the key, and eager to oblige his friend.

"And, perhaps," continued Valleja, smiling and detaining him as he was about to hasten out of the room—"perhaps you will not object to tell these gentlemen that until you return with the money, they may take Louis Valleja's word for the sum he wishes to play."

"Most assuredly, I will," answered the young man hastily, "and I am only sorry that the Senor Marquis should have thought it advisable to put any thing resembling a slight upon a friend of mine and my father's. Gentlemen," he continued to the bankers, "I offer you my guaranty for the sum Count Valleja is about to play."

The old Marquis bowed his head.

"That is quite sufficient, Don Rafael," said he. "I have the honor of knowing you perfectly well. His Senoria, the Count Valleja, is only known to me as Count Valleja, and I am certain that, on reflection, neither he nor you will blame me for acting as I do, when so heavy a sum is at stake."

Don Rafael left the room. The formal Marquis removed the piece of money from off the pack, and took up the cards with as much dry indifference as if he were no way concerned in the result of the important game that was about to be played. Valleja sauntered to the window, humming a tune between his teeth, and, stepping out, pushed the awning a little aside, and leaned over the balcony.

The banker began to draw the cards, one after the other slowly and deliberately. Nearly half the pack was dealt out without a king or an ace appearing. The players and lookers on were breathless with anxiety; the fall of a pin would have been audible; the tune which the count continued to hum from his station on the balcony, was heard in the stillness that reigned, as distinctly as though it had been thundered out by a whole orchestra. Another card, and another, were drawn, and then—the decisive one appeared.—The silence was immediately changed for a tumult of words and exclamations.

"Que es eso!" said Valleja, turning half round, and smiling as he spoke at a superb flower, which he had just plucked from the balcony. "What's the matter?"

"The ace—" said the person nearest the window, who then paused and hesitated.

"Well!" said Valleja with a sneer, "the ace—what then? It has won I suppose?"

"It has won."

"My *bien!* It was to be expected it would, since I went on the king." And turning round again, he resumed his tune and his gaze into the street.

"Ha de ser rico," said the Spaniard to another of the players. "He must be rich. It would be difficult to take the loss of thirty thousand dollars more coolly than that."

Five minutes elapsed, during which the bankers were busy counting out their bank, in order to see the exact sum due to them by the unfortunate loser. When the jingle of money and rustle of paper ceased, Valleja looked round for the second time.

"How much is there, Senores?" cried he.

"Thirty thousand four hundred and thirty dollars lost, Senor Conde," replied the old Marquis, with a bow of profound respect for one who could bear such a loss with such admirable indifference.

"Very good," was the Count's answer, "and here comes the man who will pay it you."

Accordingly, the next minute a hasty step was heard upon the stairs. All eyes were turned to the door, which opened, and Rafael Solano entered.

"Where is the Count?" exclaimed he, in a hurried voice and with a discomposited countenance.

Again every head was turned towards the window, but the Count had disappeared. At the same moment, from the street below, which was a quiet and unfrequented one, there arose an unusual uproar and noise of voices. The monte players rushed to the windows, and saw several persons collected round a man whom they were raising from the ground. His skull was slightly fractured and the pavement around sprinkled with his blood. Rafael and some others hurried down; but before they reached the street, Count Louis Valleja had expired. The gambler's last stake had been his life.

When young Solano reached his father's house, and, repairing to his father's apartment, opened the desk of which Valleja had given him the key, he found that it contained neither notes nor any thing else of value, but merely a few worthless papers. Astonished at this, and, in spite of his prepossession in favor of the Count, feeling his suspicions a little roused by what he could hardly consider an oversight, he hurried back to the monte room, where his arrival served as the signal for the catastrophe that had been related.

The same evening the amount lost was paid by Rafael Solano into the hands of the winners. The following day, the body of the Count was privately interred.

After the lapse of a few weeks there came a letter from Mexico, in reply to the one which Don Jose Solano had written to announce the arrival of Valleja. His Mexican correspondent wrote in all haste, anxious, if still possible to preserve Don Jose from becoming the dupe of a swindler. The Conde de Valleja, he said, was the last and unworthy scion of a noble and once respectable family. From his early youth he had made himself remarkable, as well for the vices of his character as for the skill with which he concealed them under a mask of agreeable accomplishments, and fascinating manners. His father, dying shortly after he became of age, had left him the uncontrol-

led master of his fortune, which he speedily squandered; and when it was gone he lived for some time by the exercise of his wits, and by preying on all who were sufficiently credulous to confide in him. At length, having exhausted every resource—when no man of honor would speak to him, and no usurer lend him a maravedi at any rate of interest—he had, by an unworthy artifice, duped the very last person who took any interest in him, out of a few hundred dollars, and taken ship at Vera Cruz for Europe.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the letter of credit was a forgery.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. PROSPECTIVE GRANDEUR OF AMERICA.

THE future population, strength and resources of this country have been subjects of speculation with statisticians and poets. Calculation and rhapsody have not been wanting to determine or foreshadow its destiny. But neither the one nor the other, as far as we have seen, has adequately compassed the prospective grandeur of America. The calculations have fallen short of what might be anticipated; and the prophetic imaginings have been too vague to convey any definite impressions of absolute results. This, however, is a question which statistics can exemplify, and in such a manner as to render a prospective fact more brilliant and marvellous than the widest range which imagination has taken in regard to it. We shall endeavor to explain our views on this subject, confining ourselves to rigid calculations and fair deductions.

In the increase of population in this country, two things are remarkable: its rapidity, and its uniformity. Nearly a century ago, Franklin stated that population nearly doubled itself once within every twenty-five years. The process of reduplication has been going on ever since; and, according to the last census, it appears that it is now doubled in about every twenty-two years. This is an important fact, and renders the calculation of the population for future exact periods, a thing of clear certainty. Where a population has doubled itself so rapidly for such a length of time, it is evidence of the working of a principle. It ceases to be accidental, and hence uncertain in its nature. The population of France has doubled itself within a hundred and twenty years, and that of England in sixty. Either period is long in itself, and the anterior periods required for the reduplication of the population of each of these countries so uncertain, that a satisfactory statement of their future increase of population may hardly be afforded. But, for the reasons we have stated, no such impediment to reasonable calculation on the subject applies to this country.

The results of continuing the calculation of the increase of population in this country, in geometrical ratio, are so vast, and of so distant a period, that it would seem safe and prudent not to venture stating them exactly. It would appear that Chancellor Kent must have been under the influence of this sober feeling when he spoke of their being three hundred millions of people in it in the course of ages. So far from many ages being required for this, the child is now born in this country who will see in it a population of more than three hundred millions. It may be argued that population here ceases to double itself at its present ratio, when it reaches a high point—suppose one hundred millions. But this consideration is of no avail; for if we look at the means of the increment of population, we shall find that it goes beyond numbers, the Malthusian theory to the contrary notwithstanding. Two things establish the augmentation of population, a liberal form of government and national integrity being always secured. These things are improving agriculture and mechanics. Now it is ascertained that agriculture has just begun to improve. It is a fact not less memorable than disgraceful, that agriculture has remained stationary from the age of Augustus Caesar almost to our own immediate time. Eighteen hundred years had not mended its rules or practice. Any one who will read Virgil's *Georgics* and compare it with ordinary farming practice will satisfy himself of this. Though gunpowder and inquisitorial tortures, heraldry and alchemy, cruelties and follies, occupied men's minds; though printing had been long discovered, and society had taken a civilized character, yet, strange to say, the fundamental art, the great necessity, the support of life, the production of food, was left rude as antiquity had known it. Had agriculture been as glorious as war, it would long since have fructified the four continents. But this great art is now rendered susceptible of indefinite improvement. Chemistry, the creation of a few years, analyzes soils and their productions—their distinct characters and mutual adaptabilities. With a beauty and certainty that exhaust admiration, it places agriculture beyond the evils of ignorance and waste, and displays a sublime economy in its operations. Machinery, with ingenious forms and thundering prowess, comes to supersede or fortify human hands. These united agencies will give to the science and practice of agriculture a magnificent scope and effect, a perennial power of life sustenance, that surpass alike the bounds of sober consideration, or rhapsodical fervor. The genius of mechanics, which has been started into new proportions by the Thibault touch of the age, whose stature literally reaches to the clouds, has, independently, the second great effect on national destiny. Like the whirling spheres, it multiplies forms infinite in numbers and beauties. It begins with necessity and ends with luxury; it embraces every minimization to bodily comfort, every artifice to extend spiritual cultivation. These two great forces, which have just had their new birth, are in the hands of posterity for development.

Their influence will be to quicken the growth of nations—not to retard them at this or that point of numerical strength. We cannot then admit that there is going to be any retardation in the increase of population up to that period when it surpasses the supply of food—a period not necessary for us to anticipate; and whose difficulties it will be competent for our enlightened successors in the world's business to manage. The great science of the wealth of nations, as discovered by Adam Smith, being developed abroad, will react on the prosperity of this country, accelerating its rate of production, and consequently of increase of population. Immigration, which, up to this time has merited consideration in these calculations, for the future need not be minded, the doubling process being so vast in its results as to diminish the force of such influence.

If, then, it be allowed that population will go on to double itself for many years, as we have endeavored to show, it will produce much greater results than are anticipated.

The population in the United States was, in 1840, 17,000,000; in 1862 it will be 36,000,000; in 1884, 73,000,000; in 1906, 152,000,000; in 1928, 305,000,000; in 1950, 610,000,000; in 1975, 1,200,000,000.

It is not necessary to extend this calculation.—We have not yet ascertained the limits of this country; we do not know its resources in all the arts which contribute to the support of life. But with such a population, all national and municipal efforts and achievements would be of corresponding extent. Cities, whose grandeur and glory defy parallel, will be spread over it. Design, aided by intellect and wealth, fortified by every conceivable means, and working for the highest ends of communities, will take the place of accident poverty or ignorance, which now rule.—Magnificence and economy of plan, rapidity of creation, immensity of detail and aggregated splendor of multifarious combination, will mark public or municipal works. Millions of men, with hearts bent on some good and great purpose, can at once be concentrated. Aided by incalculable riches, enthusiastic efforts, and the assurance of experience, they may set our precedents at defiance in the same way we set at defiance those of the first settlers. The wonderful silver lamp of the necromancer is but an allegory of the power of riches commanding great agents. The work of a century now can in the future be thrown into a few years. Great capitals and their tributaries can then be reared by force, rapidly and certainly. A greater than ancient Rome, which took seven hundred years to build, can, in a few years, be built in seven years. All sense and work being devoted to peace, intercourse, and production, society will be like the swelling ocean tide, casting up pearls on the shore. Its riches and beauties will suppress our circle of present infirmities. We must take the principle of extension; and fearless of its results, we shall solve this problem.

The dogma of distance as it affects the mind, is already annihilated in the magnetic telegraph. An agent which circles the world several times each second is now to be made the common carrier of thought. It neither seizes nor pants, breaks down nor explodes, but, like an ethereal spirit, it bears far and wide its immortal message. An empire of twelve hundred millions will be bound in such a chain of love and light.

From an English Periodical.
HORRORS OF WAR.

Nobody sees a battle. The soldier fires away and a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides every thing from him. The officers are too anxious about what they are specially charged with to mind what others are doing. The commander cannot be present every where, and see every wood, watercourse or ravine in which his orders are carried into execution. He learns from reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon. Over miles of country, at every field fence, in every gorge of a valley, or entry into a wood, there is murder committed—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form—God's image—is mutilated, deformed, lacerated in every possible way, and with every variety of torture. The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and roar without assistance; and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely. Thirst, too, has seized upon the yet able bodied soldier, who, with bloodshot eyes and tongue rolling out, plies his trade—blaspheming, killing with savage delight, calling upon the brains of his best loving comrade as spattering over him. The battlefield is, it is possible, a more painful object of contemplation than the combatants. They are in their vocation, earning their bread—what will not men do for a shilling a day? But their work is carried on amid the field, garden and homestead of man unused to war. They who are able have fled before the coming storm, and left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick, are left in the hurry to be killed by stray shots, or beaten down as the charge and counter charge go over them. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit trees bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon shot. Churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses and ruined in the conflict. Barns, and stack yards catch fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides. At night the steed is stabled beside the altar, and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have left unconsumed. The surviving soldiers march on to act the same scene over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved amid the blackening ruins of their homes, to mourn with more agonizing grief over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain—to feel themselves bankrupts of the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and gardens, and think of famine and pestilence engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.
ARRIVAL OF THE HIBERNIA.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The British mail-steamship *Hibernia* arrived at Boston at 12 o'clock on Saturday night, with 105 passengers and the mails. She left Liverpool October 19th at 2 20 p. m., arrived at Halifax on the 1st inst., at 9 5 a. m., sailed from do. at 2 30 p. m., and arrived at Boston on the 3d at midnight, performing the passage in fourteen days and six hours.

The King of the French had returned to his dominions. Previously, the order of the garter was conferred upon his Majesty at Windsor Castle, amidst great pomp and magnificence. On the 14th ult., accompanied by the Queen and Prince Albert, he proceeded to Portsmouth, with the view of embarking at that port on his return to Treport. Such, however, was the threatening aspect of the weather, that he thought it prudent not to risk the dangers of the passage; and finally determined to cross the channel from Dover to Calais. Leaving his royal hosts at Portsmouth, he returned to London, and proceeded to the terminus of the Dover railway. Here he found the station enveloped in flames—a destructive fire having broken out previous to his arrival. The catastrophe detained him but for a short time. He was soon accommodated with a special train, and hastened off to Dover.

Our minister, Mr. Everett, had returned to London from a visit to the continent.

Mr. Clemson, our newly appointed chargé d'affaires at Belgium, has arrived at Brussels.

Mr. Daniel O'Connell has addressed a long epistle from his retreat at Derrynane, to the repeal association, in which he dwells emphatically upon the federal project, and hints his partiality for it in contradistinction to repeal.

An abstract of the public accounts of the free church of Scotland, from May 13, 1843, to March, 1844, just published, shows that the amounts collected were, from the sustentation fund, £62,461 2s 3d; building fund, £227,836 19s 10d; congregational funds, £41,540 11s 10d; accommodation of the assembly, £2,893 1s 5d; parish schools, £52,000; total, £518,719 14s 3d. This is a wonderful proof of the voluntary principle in Scotland.

Incendiarism is on the increase in Suffolk. During one week four or five destructive fires occurred.

It is generally rumored in Ireland, that Lord Heytesbury, in consequence of the death of his lady, has determined to resign the high office to which he was so recently appointed.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, October 18.—There is no new feature in the transactions in public securities. Consols have been done at 100 1/4 and 1/2; reduced three per cents at 99 1/2; new three and a quarter per cents 102 1/2; bank stock 206 1/2; India bonds 93 1/2 pm.

COMMERCE.—The demand for cotton (says *Wilmers' European Times*) throughout the week has been considerable, and the quantity offered is large. The committee of brokers have reduced the quotation of fair Upland to 41; fair Mobile to 44d, and fair Orleans to 41d. These prices are within 1d of the lowest prices of last year for the same quality. Some holders are waiting for better accounts, and others are pushing their stocks on the market, rather than wait the issue of another crop. The sales yesterday were between 4,000 and 5,000 bags. In the course of the week 1,200 American and 200 Surats have been taken on speculation; and 400 American, 800 Surat, and 100 Peranias, for export.

The grain markets are dull. On foreign barley the import duty has advanced to 4s, and that on rye has receded to 3s 6d—the only changes effected in the averages up to Thursday last. A little business has been doing in foreign wheat, but other descriptions were extremely dull. English and Irish flour although taken sparingly, maintain quotations. Canadian staple flour meets attention; a moderate quantity changing hands. United States' flour has been in fair request, at the previous rates.

In the manufacturing districts business has been brisk this week. In Oldham the spinners of several large cotton mills have obtained an advance of wages to the amount of a penny a thousand hanks. At Staleybridge and other places the employers have agreed to advance wages five per cent—a sufficient proof that trade is not only brisk but flourishing. In Yorkshire the cloth-halls have been doing more business. The accounts from Leicester state that so dull an October has not been known for years.

The money market continues buoyant, and the rage for new railway investments is as strong as ever. The recent excellent harvest gives token of prosperity for another year at least, and there is nothing in the political or social horizon, at home or abroad, to cause misgivings or despondency. The probability is, that, with a superabundance of money which cannot find profitable investment, the rage of speculation will continue.

The great demand for Belgian wool-

lens by the American trade, for transshipment for China, has fixed the attention of the Netherlands manufacturers upon the subject, in order to see whether, by shipping wools themselves and getting tea in return for them, which they can sell in England, they may not do better.

There has been an entire absence of demand, says the *European Times*, for any description of United States securities since our last publication. No one sale has transpired, but at the same time we must remark that there has been little stock offering in the market.

SPAIN.

At one o'clock, on the 10th ult., the Cortes were opened by her majesty in person. Her Majesty having ascended the throne, Marshal Narvaez standing on her right, and M. Martinez de la Rosa on her left, read a speech, from which we make the following extracts:

Events were so complicated as to cause a war between the Moorish empire and France, (a war terminated so speedily and with so much glory for the latter power,) and the British government continued to interpose, with the greatest efficacy, its powerful influence to regulate our difficulties with Morocco. A result was happily obtained. Already are settled the basis of a treaty, in virtue of which Spain will obtain the just satisfaction which is due. My Secretaries of State will present to you a treaty, which will be ratified in the regular form.

They will likewise present, early in the session, a project of constitutional reform, a most essential subject, which my government announced immediately on your convocation, and of which the gravity cannot be underrated by your intelligence and patriotism.

I have the greatest satisfaction in announcing that the army, after a civil war of seven years, and the political vicissitudes which relax the ties of obedience, is at present in the highest state of discipline.

In the hope of alleviating the budget of expenses, we have made all the reduction compatible with the safety of the state, and with the well-being of those who have shed their blood in defence of the throne and laws.

The fundamental reform of justice also requires time. This reform should also be cemented by new codes, which are drawn up at this moment, and the preparation of which is much advanced. In the mean time, my government will adopt some useful measures to clear the way for so desired a reform.

The ceremony having terminated, the Queen retired, amidst most enthusiastic cries from the assembly of "Long live the Queen!" "Long live the Queen Mother!" "Long live the constitution!" The Gazette publishes a decree for the reorganization of the national guard, under the title of the civic guard.

POLAND.

The *Silesian Gazette*, states, from Poland, Oct. 1, that about twenty students had recently been arrested at Warsaw on a charge of being members of a secret society. The younger of them, who were only from thirteen to fourteen years old, were, it is added, sent into the interior of Russia, but the others were sent to the army of Circassia as common soldiers.

LIVERPOOL, OCT. 19.

Provisions, (American.) There has again been a fair business doing in beef; prices, since 3d instant, have not varied; fine qualities most wanted; inferior has been more inquired for. Pork. The sales of pork exceed the import; the stock consequently reduces, and the market is firm. Cheese has met a ready sale at full prices, and the market is again bare of stock; the consumption promises to be large, owing to the advance in butter. Lard—Without imports of lard, the market has become very bare of stock; hence a farther advance has been realized; with moderate supplies, the present rates will be maintained. Tallow, although not brisk, has met a fair demand. Larger imports may now be looked for; of fine, there will be a ready sale. Irish butter has advanced 10 to 12; a considerable inquiry for Canadian; and some small parcels have been sold at the quotations; the fall arrivals will come to a good market.

From the New York Sun.
TEXAS AND MEXICO—VIRTUAL ABANDONMENT OF THE WAR.

The last news from Mexico is of more importance in relation to the security of Texas and to the question of annexation, than any that has been received since the adjournment of Congress. The retirement of Santa Anna to his farm, and the appointment of Canizales as President of Mexico *ad interim*, may be considered as an abandonment of the invasion of Texas altogether. It may be supposed by many that there was no serious intention at any time of marching upon Texas, and that the threat, as well as the preparations, meant nothing more than the usual vainglorious boasting of that government. We think differently on this subject, and believe that the uniform determination of Santa Anna to recover Texas as indispensable to his future ambitious views, was greatly strengthened by the urgent solicitations of England, and the assurance of every rea-

sonable co-operation in securing the reconquest of the republic. The British cabinet had a deep interest in preventing annexation. This country in the estimation of Great Britain, is already too extensive in territory and population; and as long as Texas was either independent, or in possession of Mexico, its commercial position and interests could be made available for any object growing out of future aspects; and while a northern influence could be brought to bear upon us at any time, it was desirable that a similar position should be maintained on our southern borders, and Mexico was therefore urged to push on the war, while British agents in Texas were not idle in securing the election of anti-annexation candidate for the presidency.

The rejection of the treaty, by nearly both parties in our Senate, and making it a party question in the election of a President, promised a satisfactory issue to the views of the British, without any further or pressing influence on their part. Accordingly Santa Anna, who was most anxious for the invasion, and had every confidence in its success, finding a counter influence in the Mexican Congress operating against it, with some fresh troubles from France growing out of the Tobasco massacre, and the election of Dr. Jones as the anti-annexation candidate for the presidency of Texas—retired from the contest, appointing the commander-in-chief of the invading army (Canizales) as provisional president, and the invasion will be abandoned, probably never to be again renewed, by recalling the troops already assembled at St. Louis Potosi. As far as the safety and prosperity of Texas is involved, we rejoice in the abandonment of the project of invasion; while, on the other hand, we deeply regret that the intrigues of Great Britain in cutting us off from the peaceable possession of an important territory, should have been so successful.

The North, the most strenuous in opposing annexation, has most to lose by the result. A commercial treaty between Great Britain and Texas will inundate that section of the country with the manufactures at a small *ad valorem* duty, while at least three of what are called slave States would have adopted the system of free labor, and sent their slaves to Texas.

From the U. S. Saturday Post.
MILLERISM.

We several times proposed to make the subject of "Millerism," as it is termed, the subject of an article for the Post, during its former paroxysms, but forborne, partly from a disinclination to meddle with the faith of any man, or set of men, and partly because the delusion would, we thought, work its own cure, by the falsification of the prophecy, in the going by of the time at which its consummation was placed. And, as that period passed, and "the world and all that it inherits" still remained firm and unshaken, we looked to see the matter completely at an end, and people returning to their accustomed occupations, and to their sober senses.

But, to our great astonishment, we now find the delusion resuming its sway with, if not more general extent, more extravagance than ever. We learn not only in this city, but at other and distant points, the zeal of pseudo-prophets has again blown up the excitement. We find the believers carried into the most strange conduct, and the most puerile perversion of all the rules of duty, and of all the obligations, both of religion and of prudence. We hear of women arrayed in "ascension robes," deserting the care of their households, and sitting down in upper rooms, some even in unfinished garrets, to be as near to heaven as possible, and there awaiting the "second advent." We hear of such crowds besetting the places of evening meetings of the believers, that the arm of the civil power is compelled to interpose and close the places of meeting, to save the peace. We find the disciples of Mr. Miller and his followers closing their stores, giving away their goods, and pasting notices on their shutters that their shops are closed to wait "the coming of the King of Kings."

Painfully absurd as is such conduct, we have no disposition to make it the subject of ridicule, although the temptation to do so is strong; and although, perhaps, exposure of the absurdity of such conduct is the best argument against it. But we have collected to-day, a list of a few of the most prominent delusions of this nature in the history of the world, and present them as but a part of the experience of the past, in order to show the disappointed in their expectations, that they are not the first in order of time, nor the only ones, by many thousands, who have been carried away by such fancies.

Without referring to the delusions of the Jews, who looked for a temporal reign of Christ as an earthly potentate, or the mistaken among the early Christians who confidently predicted the second advent of the Saviour as to occur at the end of the Roman Pagan empire, giving him also an earthly kingdom; or to the manner in which the end of the crusades, and the victory of the Christian over the Moslem would establish that kingdom,—we will look to the later manifestations of the consequences of mistaking the promises of the gospel, and confounding things, spiritual and temporal. It is sufficient to say that the later delusions are but a perpetuation of the error of those who in early times rose, and saying, "I am Christ," deceived many.

It is the year 1812, it was predicted that the Mediterranean sea should be dried up, that believers should pass to Jerusalem on foot, there to build up the new city. After what we have seen in our own time, it will readily be credited that Italy was filled with pilgrims waiting the drying up of the sea, to commence their journey; and the misery which these persons suffered, and which they inflicted upon their friends and dependents by their infatuation, will be easily imagined.

In 1524, John Stofferus, a mathematician and astrologer of Sumbia, predicted a great deluge, and he was so far believed, that those who owned lands near the sea, sold out at great loss. Books

were published giving directions how to escape the inundation; and surveyors actually consulted the stars and pointed out what places would be least exposed to the waters. Boats were built and placed on the tops of high pillars, in which the believers sat with their families, waiting for the water to come up and float them off. Many arches were contrived with breathing holes in the top, in which men might live, with the waters around them until the danger had passed away. The time fixed for the inundation proved a very dry season, and the water proof contrivances were ruined by a continued drought. And notwithstanding the failure of this prediction, we find that Stofferus did not lose his faith; he then set the final destruction of the world for the year 1586, and died prophesying it.

Meanwhile, Martin Stufelius predicted the end of the world to take place in 1534, giving the day and the hour. He was in his pulpit, preaching on the subject, when the time arrived, and his audience was waiting the consummation of all things, when a violent storm arose, and for a short time he and his people were full in the belief that all was over. The storm passed away—the sky was serene—the day was delightful—and the preacher was dragged from his desk and almost beaten to death.

William Hackett, in 1590, predicted the destruction of England, and had not a few followers.—He claimed himself to be monarch of all Europe, and his followers proclaimed him. He was hanged for sedition—an argument which is not now used against error.

Walter Gostello, in 1658, foretold the restoration of Charles II., and the destruction of London. The first part of his prophecy being fulfilled, gave him some credit as a prophet. The second part it is hardly necessary to say, is as yet unaccomplished. Thomas Venner, who flourished about the same time, declared that earthly kings were impostors; and attempting with a crowd of his followers to take actual possession of the earth in the name of the Lord, they were opposed by the soldiery. They fought like tigers, believing themselves invulnerable, but were overpowered by numbers, and Venner, with twelve others, was hanged.

There were several such prophets in France, in the 17th century; but one of the most remarkable of the seers of that era, was John Mason, a minister of Water Stratford, near Buckingham, England. Mason believed himself Elias, and announced that Christ was shortly to appear on earth and fix his throne at Stratford. An immense concourse met at the time appointed, and with fiddles and other musical instruments, with dancing and other tumultuous signs of rejoicing, awaited the coronation. Poor Mason died in 1697, a full believer in the delusion that he had frequent conversations with the Saviour, and that his divine mission was confirmed.

Whiston, the mathematician, was a believer in the immediate approach of the millennium, and lived to see the failure of two predictions. Lord Napier, the inventor of the logarithms, also prophesied the end of the world; and outlived its term as he had set it. Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Worcester, at ninety years of age, went to Queen Anne, and prophesied that at the end of four years the King of France would turn protestant, there would be a war of religion, and the papacy would be destroyed.

To come down to a later time—1761—two learned men arrived at Cologne, who conversed with the Jesuits of that city in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldaic. They gave out that they came from Damascus, and were seven hundred years old; and prophesied that Constantinople would be destroyed in 1763, that the whole world would be shaken by an earthquake in 1770, that the sun, moon and stars would fall in 1771, that the world would be burnt in 1772, and the general judgment take place in 1778.

In the year 1582, a hermit frightened the inhabitants of Trieste into the belief that the destruction of that city was immediately to take place; and so general was the faith in which his prediction was received, that the city was absolutely deserted to escape the destruction. But the day passed over without any calamity to any one except the unlucky prophet; for when his disciples returned to resume their business, they found the predictor of destruction had realized it in his own person. He was hanged by the proper authorities.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the whole court of France was thrown into terror, and people who had never prayed before began then, in the belief that the immediate destruction of the world was at hand.

As the event did not verify their fears, and the world continued to stand; they made up for temporary self denial by plunging anew into the worst excesses. The reaction made them infinitely greater sinners than they were before.

We have quoted these facts—few, indeed, among very many which might be adduced—to remind the reader that this is "no new thing under the sun." We are inclined to think that, with the failure of this last—as fail it must, for people's expectations can not be kept up forever—delusions of this particular description will cease, and men will no longer strive to be wise above what is written. Whether the end of the world occurs sooner or later, is of little individual consequence to any one of us; for death must happen at some time, and is as likely to occur soon as late; and death is an end of the world so far as he or she is concerned. We do not think of preparing for that by waiting in idleness—nor should any think to prepare for the end of all things in any other way than by a continuance of the performance of our duties to our Maker, to our fellows and to ourselves.

Since we wrote the preceding, the following eloquent passage from Mosheim, relative to the state of the Christian world in the tenth century—a period previous to those in which the instances we have quoted above occurred—has fallen under our eye:

"Among the opinions which took possession of the minds of men, none occasioned such universal panic, nor such dreadful impressions of terror and dismay, as a notion that now prevailed of the immediate approach of the day of judgment. This notion, which took its rise from a remarkable passage in the revelations of St. John, and had been entertained by some teachers in the preceding century, was advanced publicly by many at that time, and spreading itself with amazing rapidity through the European provinces, it threw them into consternation and anguish. They imagined that St. John had clearly foretold, that after a thousand years after the birth of Christ, Satan was to be let loose from his prison, anti-Christ to come, and the destruction and conflagration of the world to

follow those great and terrible events. Hence prodigious numbers of people abandoned all the civil connections and their paternal relations; and, giving over to the churches and monasteries all their lands, treasures, and worldly effects, repaired with the utmost precipitation to Palestine, where they imagined that Christ would descend from heaven to judge the world.

"Others devoted themselves by a solemn and voluntary oath to the service of the churches, convents, and priesthood, whose slaves they became in the most rigorous sense of the word, performing daily heavy tasks, and all this from a notion that the supreme judge would diminish their sentence, and look upon them with a more favorable and propitious eye on account of their having made themselves the slaves of his ministers. When an eclipse of the sun or moon happened to be visible, the cities were deserted, and their miserable inhabitants fled for refuge to caverns and hid themselves among the craggy rocks, and under the bending summits of steep mountains. The rich attempted to bribe the Deity, by rich donations conferred on the sacerdotal and monastic orders, who were looked upon as the immediate viceregents of heaven. In many places temples, palaces and noble edifices, both public and private, were left to decay; they were deliberately pulled down from a notion that they were no longer of any use, since the final dissolution of all things was at hand.

"In a word, no language is sufficient to express the confusion and despair that tormented the minds of these miserable mortals on this occasion. The general delusion was indeed opposed and combated by the discerning few, who endeavored to dispel their groundless fears, and to efface the notions from which they arose in the minds of the people. But their attempts were ineffectual; nor could the apprehensions of the superstitious multitude be effectually removed before the end of this century. Then, when they saw that the so much dreaded period had passed without the arrival of any great calamity, they began to understand that St. John had not foretold what they so much feared."

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Noah's Lecture on the restoration of the Jews, delivered at the Tabernacle on Monday evening, drew together quite an audience for a stormy night. A lecture by the educated Jew, familiar with Christians and Christian institutions—a lecture delivered before a promiscuous assembly of Jews and Christians—was quite a novelty, and calculated to excite curiosity. A vindication of christianity or an admission of its opinions, was not to be expected; but we think the christian portion of the audience must have been satisfied to quite as great an extent as they expected to be.

Major Noah ran over the history of the Hebrew nation and described their condition at the time of Christ's appearance. He made no intimation that Jesus of Nazareth was an impostor, but seemed to adopt the history of the evangelists, and give an interpretation to the declarations of Jesus concerning himself, similar to that given by Unitarians. He said Jesus preached with an eloquence so remarkable, and so envenomed against the abuses of the Jewish Ecclesiastics with so much boldness and force, that they were alarmed, and under that feeling, mingled with political considerations, condemned him to death.

The whole proceeding, Mr. Noah said, he believed was carried through in mistake. The severity of the Sanhedrim did not act, he thought, from hatred to the character and mission of Christ, as is generally supposed by Christians. It was not therefore, for the tremendous sin of crucifying the Son of God with a christian apprehension of his character, Mr. Noah said that the Jews were now and had been for eighteen hundred years, suffering all the sorrows of their dispersion. The present condition of the Jews was vividly described, and some things were stated greatly to the credit; and among the rest, the honorable fact, that in all the haunts of infamy in our city, not a Jewess is to be found. Mr. Noah believed that the personal feeling and position of the Jews were favorable to a return to the land of their fathers. He believed that before the great millennial blessings were to be enjoyed by Jews and Gentiles, this return must be accomplished, and that the Jews must return as Jews, and not as Christians. If such enactments were to be obtained from the powers having jurisdiction of the country, as that the Jews would be secure in the possession of land, he thought they would rapidly make purchases and settlements.—What he desired was, that our own free government, should lead the way in obtaining for the Jews this favor; and he recommended that those societies who desire to benefit the Jews, should turn their attention and their efforts to the accomplishment of this important result.

From the Baltimore Sun.

POLITICAL COURTSHIP.

The following little story which belongs to the New York Mercury, is decidedly one of the best things produced during the late campaign; and, inasmuch as all the States herabouts have concluded their labors with the presidential contest, we think we shall run no risk of oversteering the constitution or treading upon the most fastidious toe in the universe, by affording our readers a chance for the same hearty laugh into which we were betrayed, spite of the multitude of units, tens, and thousands, which the election returns are constantly whirling through our inner man. Here's the anecdote:

Jonathan walks in, takes a seat, and looks at Sukey. Sukey takes up the fire, blows out the candle, and don't look at Jonathan. Jonathan hitches and wriggles about in his chair, and Sukey sits perfectly still. At length, Jonathan musters courage and speaks:

Sukey!
Well, Jonathan?
I love you like pizen and sweetmeats.
Dew tell,
It's a fact, and no mistake. Wi—will—now—will you have me Sukey?
Jonathan Higgins, what am your politics?
I'm for Polk, straight.
Wall, sir, you can walk right straight hum, cons I won't have nobody that aint for Clay—that's flat.
Three cheers for the "mill-boy of the slashes," sung out Jonathan.
That's your sort, says Sukey. When shall we be married Jonathan?
Soon's Clay's elected.
Ahem, a-a-hem.
What's the matter, Sukey?
Sposin' he aint elected?
Jonathan did go away till next morning; but whether he answered the last question, this deposit knoweth not.

THANKSGIVING IN N. York, Thursday, Dec. 5.



THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

EDITED BY J. R. MORRIS.

WOODSFIELD, O.,

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1844.

"DARK MONROE."

Wonder if the whigs, and especially the editor of the *Cadiz Whig Standard*, don't begin to think there are some other dark spots in the United States, beside Monroe county.

Monroe county, Pennsylvania, is the "Banner" county of that State; and as we claim to be the "Banner" county of Ohio, we would like to scrape an acquaintance. What say you, gentlemen of the Monroe Democrat?

Monroe county, Pa. gives Polk 1405 of a majority. Monroe county, Ohio, 1335, being a larger democratic majority in proportion to the number of votes polled, than is given in any other county in this State.

Who commands the whig craft from this place to Salt River? We suppose the name of the boat is "Roarback." Give us the proper information, gentlemen, and we will duly announce your departure.

OMEN.

The whigs are great believers in omens. They may have this one for what it is worth:

On the day of the Presidential election, the whigs raised their banner on the ash pole in this place. When they undertook to take it down, it was nogo. Down it wouldn't come. They got it about half-mast, where it has ever since remained. It hangs there "all tattered and torn," a most doleful looking thing indeed. The ominous letters O. K. [OH, KLAY.] are still plainly visible.

THE MINISTRY.

We copy the following article from the *Ohio Statesman*. It speaks for itself. Let every subscriber read it attentively; and while reading it, let it be borne in mind, that every man has the undoubted right to cast his vote for whomsoever he pleases. But in exercising this privilege care should be taken that we do not outrage every principle, for which we have ever contended. "It is human to err"—but there are certain guides laid down for the government of the moral world, which are plain and very easily understood. If a minister of the gospel should cast his vote for a man who had been "guilty of almost every crime enumerated in the decalogue," could he lay his head upon his pillow at night and say with a clear conscience, that he had done his duty to his God and to his country. Or, could he say, as did a church member not far from this place, "that he was doing God service, by voting for Henry Clay." If he could, our ideas of what constitutes the duty of a christian and his, differ. What progress would St. Paul have made in the conversion of sinners, had he been found certifying to the moral character or supporting such a man as Herod? Had he done so, would he have received the approbation of his Divine Master? These questions are easily answered.

What confidence can be placed in ministers when they will use, before the election, such an expression, for instance, as this: "Sir, if there is truth in me, Henry Clay will be elected President?" Some will say there is nothing wrong in that expression. It may appear so at first blush; but when we look at it carefully, we will find that it asserts for a fact, that which no man, at the time could know. It leaves no getting out place. Such expressions are made only for effect.

We were once asked by a minister of the Gospel, "Why it was, that the ministry, generally, supported Henry Clay?" This was rather a hard question for us to answer; but after studying a while we replied in this manner: History tells us that the ministry in a government was almost always the first body to oppress the poor, and to favor those measures which would benefit the wealthy few—and as the ministry generally derive their support from the rich, and the rich being the supporters of Henry Clay, they (the ministry) are desirous of upholding and supporting those who uphold and support them.